*Rom.* Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſterous, and it prickes like thorne.
*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough with love,
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love downe.
Give me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor: what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities,
Here are the beetle-browes ſhall bluſh for me.
*Ben.* Come knock and enter, and no ſooner in,
But every man betake him to his legges.
*Rom.* A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenſeleſſe ruſhes with their heeles,
For I am proverb'd with a graunſire phraſe,
'Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was ne're ſo faire, and I am dun.
*Mer.* Tut, duns the mouſe, the Conſtables owne word;
If thou art dun wee'll draw thee from the mire:
Or ſave you reverence love, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Up to the eares: come we burne day-light ho.
*Rom.* That's not ſo.
*Mer.* I meane ſir in delay,
We waſte our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our judgement ſits,
Five times in that, e're once in our fine wits.
*Rom.* And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But 'tis no wit to goe.
*Mer.* Why, may one aske?
*Rom.* I dreamt a dreame to night.
*Mer.* And ſo did I.
*Rom.* Well, what was yours?
*Mer.* That dreamers often lye.
*Rom.* In bed aſleepe while they doe dreame things true.
*Mer.* O then I ſee Queene Mab hath been with you:
Shee is the Fairies Midwife, and ſhee comes in ſhape no bigger than an Agat ſtone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little atomies, over mens noſes as they lye aſleep, her waggon ſpokes made of long ſpinners legges, the cover of



of the wings of graſhoppers, her traces of the ſmalleſt ſpiders web, her collers of the moon-ſhines watry beames, her whip of Crickets bone, the laſh of Philome, her waggoner a ſmall gray coated Gnat, not halfe ſo bigge as a round little worme prickt from the lazie finger of a man, her chariot is an emptie Haſell nut, made by the Joyner Squirrell or old Grub, time out of mind the Fairies Coach-makers: and in this ſtate ſhee gallops night by night through lovers braines, and then they dreame of love: on Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies ſtrait; o're Lawyers fingers, who ſtrait dreame on fees; o're Ladies lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dreame; which oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues, becauſe their breath with ſweet meates tainted are: ſometimes ſhee gallops o're a Courtiers noſe, and then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſuit; and ſometime comes ſhe with a tithe-pigs taile, tickling a Parſons noſe as a lies aſleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice; ſometime ſhee driveth o're a ſouldiers necke, and then dreames hee of cutting forraine throats, of breaches, ambuſcadoes, Spaniſh blades, of healths five fadome deep; and then anon drums in his eare, at which hee ſtarts and wakes, and being thus frighted, ſweares a prayer or two, and ſleepes againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horſes in the night, and bakes the Elflockes in foule ſluttiſh haires, which once untangled much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maides ly on their backes,
That preſſes them, and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhee.
*Rom.* Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkſt of nothing.
*Mer.* True, I talke of dreames,
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantaſie,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more unconſtant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen boſome of the North;
And being angred, puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dew-dropping South.